

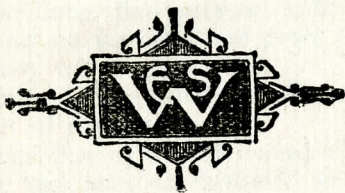
# PHANTOM QUEENS

OR

“UNEASY LIES THE HEAD  
THAT WEARS A CROWN”

Caprice for Young Ladies for Commencement or Other Occasions

BY THE URSULINES OF ST. TERESA'S



PRICE, 25 CENTS

NEW YORK  
EDGAR S. WERNER & COMPANY

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HANTON OUBENS

THAT WEARS A CROWN  
THAT WEARS A CROWN

THEY ARE THE ONLY ONES FOR THE FUTURE

BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. TERESA



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[N. B.—If play is not to be used as a Commencement Exercise, the graduate may be simply a girl of the period, and the lines appertaining to the graduate omitted.]

## COSTUMES.

OPTA: Graduation dress, diploma, etc.

ALMA MATER: Long, flowing robe, with black lace veil falling from star on forehead and down over train. Robe may be of any color to suit taste.

SOMNIA: White, flowing robe; wreath of poppies, and corsage bouquet of poppies.

PHANTA: White, flowing robe; trimmed with gold, and gold band holding back hair, which should be flowing.

CLIO: White, flowing robe, and crimson mantle, gold bandeau on head; hair should be done in Grecian coils. Scroll and stylus.

QUEENS: Costumes according to their period.

## CHARACTERS:

OPTA, "a Sweet Girl Graduate" of the 20th century.

ALMA MATER to "a Sweet Girl Graduate" of the 20th century.

CLIO, Muse of History.

SOMNIA, Spirit of Sleep.

PHANTA, Spirit of Dreams.



## QUEENS.

1. CONSTANCE, Mother of Prince Arthur. —*Shakespeare.*
2. MARGARET OF ANJOU, Consort of Henry VI. —*Shakespeare.*
3. ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, Consort of Edward IV. —*Shakespeare.*
4. ANNE OF WARWICK, Consort of Richard III. —*Shakespeare.*
5. KATHARINE OF ARAGON, Consort of Henry VIII. —*Shakespeare.*
6. MARY TUDOR, Daughter of Katharine and Henry VIII. —*Tennyson.*
7. MARY STUART, Queen of Scots. —*Schiller.*
8. ELIZABETH TUDOR. —*Schiller.*
9. MARIE ANTOINETTE, Queen of France. —*M. M.*

## SCENE: A Garden.

In center a large stone cross draped with vines; garden seats, one on left, and one on right of stage, front. Dark curtain may be drawn across as first QUEEN appears and drawn back after last QUEEN appears; disclosing tableau of all QUEENS, who slowly disappear as OPTA awakes.

OPTA [*enters singing "Graduate's Farewell."* Comes to center front].

Yes, our laurel crowns we have donned, to be sure; and now I, for one, mean to take the world easy. I think I deserve it, too, after cramming my poor head with all the "ologies" under the sun, "physics" and "metaphysics," "rhomboids" and "angles" and "quantities" unknown and forgotten. Now, I think Mr. Shakespeare has it: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"; but, since I have worried my poor head to get a crown, I am going to rest it. Heigho! [*with a rueful expression*]; well, now, I don't believe Mr. William Shakespeare. I am sure it must be nice to be a queen, or even princess, duchess; anything that wears a coronet and is feted and given homage. Why should I not be a titled lady? Other American girls have married titles; why may not I, as well? I have wealth, education, and a fair share of beauty. [*Shakes head knowingly.*] I think I may as well "angle" for that "unknown quantity" on this half the sphere—a title. [*Sits left, with face from center, in thought.*]

ALMA MATER [*has entered quietly during last lines, advances front*].

Alas! after all my training and lectures on history, here is one of my brightest girls indulging in silly vanity. I will give her another trial ere the wish matures. Let me see, I must bring history more vividly to her mind and heart. [*Enter CLIO.*] Ah, Clio! haply met.

CLIO. I heard you mention history and hastened to learn what was needed.

ALMA. We'll call Somnia and Phanta to our aid. Somnia [*music continues*] will cast her spell, and Phanta will paint her pictures from your records, and see if we may not prove to this dear child that happiness is found with difficulty beneath a diadem.

[*"Slumber Song" played softly. ALMA beckons off right. Enter, slowly, SOMNIA, followed by PHANTA.*]

ALMA. Somnia, fairest spirit, nature's sweet restorer, lend me your aid; press your cool fingers on yonder maiden's eyelids, while Phanta calls up, with magic art, from Clio's scroll, the queens of ages past.

[*SOMNIA glides softly to OPTA, passing her hands in circles round her head. Music continues. OPTA puts head back against chair and closes eyes as if asleep, but must open wide to look at QUEENS as they appear, closing between entrances. During this, "Slumber Song" may continue, but tune may be changed to suit QUEEN next to appear, and may continue during recitations. ALMA retires to L. B. CLIO sits L. PHANTA waves wand. Music changes to something petulant. Enter CONSTANCE, L. to C.*]

CONSTANCE [*looking back*].

"Patience," say you? No, I defy all counsel, all redress  
But that which ends all counsel—true redress.  
Death, death! O amiable, lovely death!  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night.  
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest;



Misery's love, oh, come to me! [*Walks, moans, wrings her hands.*]

"Peace?" [*Questioning.*] No, no! I will not, having breath to cry.

O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!

Then with a passion would I shake the world,

And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy

Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice;

Which scorns all modern invocation.

Mad! did you say? I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;

My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost.

I am not mad; I would to heaven I were;

For then 'tis like I should forget myself;

Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget!

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canonized, Cardinal;

For not being mad, but sensible of grief,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be delivered of these woes,

And teaches me to hang or kill myself;

If I were mad, I should forget my son,

And madly think a babe were he.

No, I am not mad; too well I feel

The different plague of each calamity.

You tell me to bind up my tresses;

Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud.

O that these hands could so redeem my son,

As they have given these hairs their liberty,

And will again commit them to their bonds

Because my poor child is prisoner.

And, Father Cardinal, I have heard you say

That we shall see and know our friends in heaven.

If that be true, I shall see my boy again.

There never was such gracious creature born;  
 But now, will canker eat my bud,  
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
 And so he'll die; and, rising so again,  
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven  
 I shall not know him; therefore never, never [*wrings hands*]  
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more. [*Weeps.*]  
 You talk to me, that never had a son.  
 I'm fond of grief, as of my son;  
 Grief fills the room of my absent child,  
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts;  
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief.  
 Fare you well; had you such a loss as I  
 I could give better comfort than you do.  
 I will not keep this form upon my head [*takes off crown*]  
 When there is such discord in my wit.  
 O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son,  
 My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,  
 My widow's comfort and my sorrow's cure.

[*Exit. Music.* OPTA, who has been gazing fixedly during this speech, at close sighs and throws head back. SOMNIA soothes. PHANTA waves wand. Enter MARGARET OF ANJOU, L. to C. Beethoven's 1st Sonata.]

MARGARET.

My lord, is this the guise,  
 Is this the fashion in the Court of England? [*Haughtily.*]  
 Is this the government of Britain's Isle,  
 And this the royalty of Albion's king?  
 What! Shall King Henry be a pupil  
 Still, under the surly Gloster's governance?  
 And I, a queen in title and in style,  
 And must be made the subject of a duke?  
 And can you not see? Or will you not observe



The strangeness of his altered countenance?  
By flattery hath he won the Commons' heart,  
And when he please to make commotion,  
'Tis to be feared they all will follow him.

[*Stepping forward graciously, as if looking at King.*]

The reverent care I bear unto my lord, the King,  
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.  
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear,  
Which fear if better reason can supplant  
I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the duke.

[*Pauses; looks off L.; walks to L.*]

What say you? The duke is dead? [*Music stops.*]

What! dost thou, my King, turn away and hide thy face?  
Look on me.

Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?  
Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.  
Was I for this nigh wrecked upon the sea,  
And twice by awkward winds from England's bank  
Drove back again upon my native clime?  
What boded this? but well forwarning wind  
Did seem to say: "Set no footing on this unkind shore."  
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,  
But left that hateful office unto thee.  
The pretty vaulting sea refused to drown me,  
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drowned on shore  
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.  
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,  
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,  
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,  
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.  
Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret,  
For Henry weeps that thou shouldst live so long.

[*Pauses; weeps. Starts up.*]

Henry! thou hast undone thyself and me;  
O wretched man! would I had never seen thee,



Never borne thee son,  
 Seeing thou has proved so unnatural a father.  
 Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?  
 Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,  
 Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,  
 Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,  
 And disinherited thy son.  
 What sayst? The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced  
 thee?

Art thou king and wilt be enforced?  
 I shame to hear thee speak.  
 Was it but to make thy sepulchre,  
 And creep into it far before thy time?  
 Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais,  
 Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;  
 The duke is made protector of the realm;  
 And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safety finds  
 The trembling lamb environed with wolves.  
 Had I been there, which am a silly woman,  
 The soldiers should have tossed me on their pikes  
 Before I would have granted to that act.  
*[Turns to go. Comes back to C.; wrings hands and moans.]*  
 Ned, O Ned! speak to thy mother, boy. *[Looks stunned.]*  
 Canst thou not speak?

O traitors, murderers!  
 They that stabbed Cæsar shed no blood at all,  
 Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,  
 Were this foul deed by, to equal it;  
 He was a man; this, in respect, a child;  
 And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.  
 What's worse than murder, that I may name it.  
 No, no, my heart will burst and if I speak,  
 And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. *[Music.]*  
 Edward Plantagenet, so come to you and yours as to this  
 Prince, my son, foully, cruelly murdered by you.

[*Exit. Immediately the next appear. Enter ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, hastily to C.; look to R.*]

ELIZABETH.

My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne  
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs.  
I will acquaint his majesty  
With those gross taunts I often have endured.  
I had rather be a country serving-maid  
Than a great queen with this condition,  
To be thus taunted, scorned and baited at.  
Small joy have I in being England's Queen.

[*Turns to go off R. Meets ANNE.*]

ANNE.

Now must I go to Westminster, to be crowned  
Richard's royal queen.  
I, in all unwillingness, will go.  
I would to God that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal that must round my brow  
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain!  
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,  
And die, ere men can say: "God save the Queen."

ELIZ. Poor heart! adieu; I pity thy complaining.

ANNE. No more than from my soul I mourn for you.

ELIZ. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of Glory.

ANNE. Adieu, poor soul! that takes leave of it. [*Turns to go.*]

ELIZ. Stay; yet look back with me unto the tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes  
Whom envy hath immured within your walls.  
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!  
Rude, rugged nurse, old sullen playfellow  
For tender princes; use my babies well!  
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Music. Leads ANNE off, both weeping. OPTA weeps. SOMNIA soothes. Stately music. Enter KATHARINE OF ARAGON. Advances to C., turns, kneels to R.*]



KATHARINE.

Sire, I desire you do me right and justice,  
And to bestow your pity on me.  
I am a most poor woman and a stranger.  
Alas! sir, in what have I offended you?  
What cause hath my behavior given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me?  
Heaven witness, I have been to you a true and faithful wife:  
At all times to your will conformable.  
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry,  
As I saw it inclined; when was the hour  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too?  
The king, your father, was reputed  
A prince most prudent; Ferdinand,  
My father, king of Spain, was reckoned one  
The wisest prince that there had reigned, by many  
A year before; it is not to be questioned,  
That they had gathered a wise counsel to them  
Of every realm that did debate this business,  
Who deemed our marriage lawful; wherefore, I humbly  
Beseech you, sir, to spare me till I may  
Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose counsel  
I will implore; if not, in the name of God, [*music stops*]  
Your pleasure be fulfilled. [*Stands, turns L.*] Lord Cardinal,  
To you I speak, sir. I am about to weep, but thinking  
That we are a queen, or long have dreamed so—certain,  
The daughter of a king—my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire. "Be patient," say you?  
I will, when you are humble; nay, before,  
Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
Induced by potent circumstances,  
That you are mine enemy, and make my challenge.



You shall not be my judge; for it is you  
 Have blown this coal 'twixt my lord and me,  
 Which God's dew quench! Therefore, I say again,  
 I utterly abhor you, yea from my soul  
 Refuse you for my judge.  
 And here, before you all, appeal unto the Pope.  
 Bring my whole cause before His Holiness,  
 And to be judged by him.  
 Would I had never trod this English earth,  
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it! [*Weeps. Turns*  
*to R.*]

I commend to your goodness our young daughter:  
 The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her;  
 Give her virtuous breeding;  
 She is young, and of a noble, modest nature.  
 I hope she will deserve well and a little,  
 To love her for her mother's sake that  
 Loved him heaven knows how dearly.

[*To others.*]

When I am dead, embalm me;  
 And lay me forth, although unqueened, yet like a queen,  
 And daughter to a king, inter me. [*Sobs. Music sad and*  
*plaintive.*]

I can no more. [*Exit. Music.*]

[*OPTA seems restless and about to rise. SOMNIA holds her, gently stroking her head. Music sad and plaintive. Enter MARY TUDOR, slowly; moves to C., eyes cast down till the opening words, then raises toward heaven.*]

MARY.

Sweet Mother! you had time enough, and cause enough,  
 To sicken of his lilies and his roses,  
 Cast off, betrayed, defamed, divorced, forlorn;  
 But God hath sent me here,  
 To take such order with all heretics  
 That shall it be before I die as tho'

My father and my brother had not lived.  
They will revolt? But I am Tudor, and shall control them.  
[*Muses.*]

What is the strange thing, happiness?  
Women, when I am dead  
Open my heart, and there you will find two names, "Philip"  
and "Calais."

Open his, so that he have one,  
You will find "Philip" only.  
Policy, policy! Ay, worse than that.  
Hast thou a knife? Fool, thinkest thou  
I would peril my own soul  
By slaughter of the body?  
I could not, not this way callous with a constant stripe un-  
woundable.

Thy knife! This picture shall not stare me in the face.  
This "Philip" shall not gaze upon me in my haggardness,  
Old, miserable, diseased.

Come thou down. Lie there! [*Wails.*]

Oh! I have killed my Philip.

Yes, I can replace the canvas;  
All is well then; rest, I will to rest;  
He said I must have rest. [*Starts up.*]

What's that?—a cry?—Elizabeth?—revolt?—  
A new Northumberland?—another Wyatt?  
I'll fight it on the threshold of the grave.

"My sister Elizabeth comes to see me?"

I will not see her. I will see none except the priest.

Your arm. O Saint of Arragon! with that sweet, worn  
smile [*Music.*]

Among thy patient wrinkles, help me hence.  
[*Goes off slowly. Music.*]

[*Music here may be plaintive Scotch airs. Enter MARY  
STUART, L., hastily to C., then turns to L.*]



MARY S.

Talk not to me of deans. I ask the aid  
Of one of my own church—a Catholic priest.  
“That is against the published laws of England,” you say!  
The laws of England are no rule for me.

I am not England’s subject;  
I have never consented to its laws, and will not bow  
Before their cruel, despotic sway.

If ’tis your will, to the unheard-of rigor  
Which I have borne, to add to this new oppression,  
I must submit to what your power ordains;  
Yet will I raise my voice in loud complaint.

I also wish a public notary,  
And secretaries to prepare my will.

My sorrow and my prison’s wretchedness  
Prey on my life; my days, I fear, are numbered;  
I feel that I am near the gates of death.

And know I then that some too ready hand  
May not abridge this tedious work of sorrow?  
My fate lies in the hands of those who wish my ruin.  
Oh! break this silence; let me know the worst;

What have I still to fear and what to hope?  
From heaven, I hope for mercy; and from my earthly judges,  
I hope and still expect the strictest justice.

A good work fears not the light of day.  
Despatch is here the fashion. Is it meant  
The murderer shall surprise me like the judges?

But I have yet to learn how far the queen  
Will execution of the sentence.

Oh, this unhappy right to England’s throne! ’Tis this alone  
Which is the source of all my suffering. [*Pauses.*] My  
sentence, then,

Is it pronounced? Speak freely; I can bear it. Ah!!  
I am not surprised, nor terrified.

I have been long prepared for such a message.



Too well I know my judges;  
I know their aim; they mean to keep me here  
In everlasting bondage, and to bury,  
In sepulchred darkness of my prison,  
My vengeance and my rightful claims.  
Will the queen then dare, regardless of the shame,  
Lay my crowned head upon the block?  
And can she thus roll in the dust  
Her own and every woman's majesty?  
Were this a spectacle for British eyes?  
It is not the scaffold that I fear;  
There are so many means, still and secret means,  
By which her Majesty of England may  
Set all my claims at rest.  
I never lift a goblet to my lips,  
Without an inward shuddering lest the draught  
May have been mingled by my sister's love.  
It is in vain; nor force nor guile can save me;  
All England guards my prison gates;  
Elizabeth's free will alone can open them.  
As yet, success hath never smiled  
On Mary Stuart's champions.  
I hope with dignity, as it becomes  
My innocence and my exalted station.  
I could not give away  
My own prerogative, the entrusted rights  
Of my own people, the inheritance  
Of my own son, and every monarch's right.  
The very laws of England say I could not.  
It is enacted by the English laws,  
That every one who stands arraigned of crime  
Shall plead before a jury of his equals.  
Who is my equal in this high commission?  
Kings only are my peers.  
I do not wish to be exempt from judgment;

It is the judges only I disclaim.  
I see them in four reigns, with pliant conscience,  
Four times abjure their faith; renounce the Pope  
With Henry, yet retain the old belief;  
Reform themselves with Edward; hear the mass  
With Mary; with Elizabeth,  
Who governs now, reform themselves again.  
And these men are my judges?

Oh! why should I deny it?

Yes, I confess, I cherished the fond hope  
To join in freedom, 'neath the olive's shade,  
Two generous realms in lasting happiness.  
I little thought I should become the victim  
Of their old hate, their long-lived jealousy.  
I hoped at last, as my ancestor,  
Great Richmond, joined the "rival roses,"  
To join, in peace, the Scotch and English crowns.  
I came not sword in hand;

I came a suppliant; and at the hands  
Of my imperial kinswoman I claimed  
The sacred rights of hospitality;  
When power seized upon and prepared  
To rivet fetters, where I hoped protection.  
Say, is my conscience bound then to this realm?

Whatever in a rightful war is just and  
Loyal, 'tis my right to exercise.

For 'tis not justice, but mere violence,  
Which is the question 'twixt myself and England.

Let not these juggling tricks deceive the world;  
Though she may murder me, she cannot judge me.

[Pauses, looks around inquiringly, takes crucifix from folds  
of dress, gazes at it, kisses it, looks up.]

The sheriff comes to lead me to my fate.

[Goes off slowly. Music.]

I now have nothing in this world to wish for more.

*[Takes crucifix and kisses it, moving slowly backwards during the last lines toward R.]*

My God, my Comforter, my blest Redeemer!  
As once Thy arms were stretched upon the cross,  
Let them now be extended to receive me.

*[Gazes in ecstasy, and moves back until out of sight. Music during last lines should be pathetic, changing gradually to a wild strain as ELIZABETH advances. Enter ELIZABETH TUDOR.]*

ELIZABETH *[haughtily]*. *[Dramatic music.]*

I would be left alone. Withdraw, my lords.

O servitude of popularity!

Disgraceful slavery! How weary am I

Of flattering this idol, which my soul

Despises in its inmost depth!

Oh, when shall I be once more free upon this throne?

I must respect the people's voice, and strive

To win the favor of the multitude,

And please the fancies of a mob whom naught

But juggler's tricks delight.

Oh, call not him a king, who needs must please the world;

'Tis he alone, who in his actions does not heed

The fickle approbation of mankind.

Have I, then, practised justice all my life,

Only to bind my hands against this first,

This necessary act of violence?

*[Walks to and fro excitedly.]*

No message yet arrived? Will evening never come?

Stands the sun still in its ethereal course?

Is it accomplished? Ah!!

The bolt has left its rest, it cuts the air,

It strikes—has struck!

Were my realms at stake, I could not now arrest its course.

*[Turns abruptly.]*

Who's there? Returned alone?



Where are the lords? My Lord High Treasurer, and the  
Earl of Leicester,

Where are they? Not in London? Go!

[*Comes to C., rubs her hands in satisfaction.*]

I am Queen of England. She is dead.

Now have I room upon the earth at last. [*Trembles.*]

Why do I shake? Whence comes this anguish dread?

My fears are covered by the grave.

Who dares to say I did it?

I have tears enough in store to weep her fall.

[*Walks excitedly. Pauses, listens, starts in horror, then anger.*]

Who dares to say that I am dying?

It is false. I am Elizabeth of Tudor,

Queen of England. I cannot, will not die.

No, I will live many, many years to make other wretches  
tremble.

Who dares to name my successor? and that successor, who  
must he be?

Alas! the son—of—Mary Stuart!

No, I will not die. But horror! [*Music.*]

What is that I see? Oh, save me from the sight of Mary  
Stuart!

I see her blood flow; I see her head severed from her body.

O Mary, Mary Stuart! spare me; in pity spare me.

I was not your murderer. Cease, Mary, cease! [*Stands  
back.*]

What says that angel by her side?

He says it was I that gained her heaven.

And thus is my vengeance turned against me.

[*She steps back as if in fear as she repeats last lines, so as  
to be off at last word. Music during last lines should be weird  
and solemn. A brighter strain follows to introduce MARIE  
ANTOINETTE. Enter MARIE ANTOINETTE to center. Sprightly  
music.*]

MARIE [*gaily*].

How bright was the prospect that lured me to France!  
How blue were her skies, in fair Trianon's vales!  
My pathway seemed strewn with fair summer flowers,  
Her cavaliers brave, strove each wish to forestall, each com-  
mand to fulfil,

Her ladies with love-light in their bright, laughing eyes  
To greet me, the dauphin's lone bride.

And tho' alien, they cherished the Austrian, [*music stops*]  
As if France were her home.

Was ever a bride so engagingly woo'd?

Was ever a queen so gallantly won? Methinks no. [*"Mar-  
seillaise" music faintly, as if in distance.*]

Yet dark are the scowls that greet us the while,  
And murmurs low, deep as the thunder cloud's roll,  
Menace the crown.

Oh, the sins of that crown cry aloud!

'Twixt the throne and the people yawns a fearful abyss.

Ah, Louis, my husband! thy forefathers must answer for this.

But must all their vengeance

Fall upon thee, my king among men?

And on my sweet babes? on Louis, my son?

The Nemesis must come,

Naught can stem its swift course; on me it will fall.

The alien, the Austrian, the flippant, am doomed

By calumny's shaft to feel all their ire.

[*Pauses. Strains of the "Marseillaise" are played.*]

Hark! list! now on my ear

Fall sounds portentous and drear.

'Tis their war-cry, the dread "Marseillaise."

Like ravening wolves they're hunting for prey.

[*Looks off L.*]

What! What is that dark thing that looms against the sky?  
Can it be? Yes, it is, it is the guillotine's blade!

[*Goes to L.*]



O horror! See, see! they have reared it on high,  
 With arms stretching wide, for a deadly embrace.  
 Lost, lost! Now nothing can save from its jaws.

[*Wildly. Music. More calmly to C.*]

Yet better to die as loyal sovereign of right,  
 Than live to be slaves of the rabble's fierce might.  
 O God, give me power to die, as dies a true queen,  
 Who no longer may live as a queen;  
 And to Louis, give strength to be true man, and true king,  
 To his God, to his country.  
 So prays his queen for her king, and his land;  
 And so prays Marie 'Toinette, the daughter of Cæsars,  
 For her son, bright Louis, the dauphin of ungrateful France.

[During last lines, from "Yet, better to die," a solemn, soothing strain should be played. After MARIE ANTOINETTE—or the last—curtain is drawn back, showing tableau of all the QUEENS, grouped as follows:

KATHARINE OF ARAGON, L. of cross, kneeling, with both hands clasping cross.

MARY TUDOR, on R. of cross, one hand on base, the other extended toward ELIZABETH, on L., in repulsion.

MARY STUART kneels in front of cross, holding up crucifix.

ELIZABETH stands on her left, somewhat in front, and looks over her shoulder as she points to MARY STUART.

MARGARET OF ANJOU stands, hands clasped, down at R. of cross.

CONSTANCE beside her, as tearing off the crown.

ELIZABETH WARWICK, with arm around ANNE, points to cross.

ANNE rests her hands on ELIZABETH's shoulder and bows her head on her hands. Both stand on L. of cross. Music should be dreamy and soft.

They stand thus during ten seconds, then gradually move off out of sight, looking sadly at OPTA, who is waking.

OPTA starts up as curtain is drawn back and rubs eyes, stares and looks around.

SOMNIA goes back slowly, as also do

PHANTA and



CLIO, so that they (OPTA and ALMA) occupy center of stage as QUEENS disappear, leaving only

ALMA and OPTA.

OPTA runs to meet ALMA as she enters.]

OPTA. O Alma Mater! are you really here, and am I awake, or do I still dream?

ALMA MATER. You have been asleep in the chair there for over half an hour, and now you started up as if frightened.

OPTA. Oh! I had such a sad dream. I fell asleep thinking Shakespeare could not mean that all kings and queens were unhappy; and I dreamed that I saw many queens who bemoaned their sad fate. And now I must believe that

*"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."*

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